

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Whigg and Whigg:

OR,

Tom Double's Rogueries Discovered.

THERE came a *Scot* of Late I hear, to wait upon *Tom Double*,
Some says it was a *Northern Peer*, that ask'd with Grief and Trouble.
Hoadly *Lilte*, *Didle Lilte*, Hoadly *Lilte Didle*:
Hoadly *Lilte*, *Didle Lilte*, Hoadly *Lilte Didle*.

What Deels come ower our *English-Men*, I think their aw gen wood, Sir,
Caunt they let auld *Friendship* staun, and *Kindness* whare it stood, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

I wish they wou'd consider weel among their great Complaints, Sir,
That tho' they count we are but Deels, I think they are nea *Sants*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

They hae not forgot the Murder yett we did in *Forty yen*, Sir,
But I think they had a *Hane* in it, gin I be nea *mistean*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

And wha watts now but *Innocent Bloud* is rising on the Stage, Sir,
That's pouring on us, aw this Flood of *Fury* and of *Rage*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

I wat weel their Sells, the *Mischief* fought, that's lately come frea *Hell*, Sir,
Hae not they got a hopeful *Gheal*, they Ca *Sacheverell*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

A very good time of Day, I trow, for us to learn our *Beads*, Sir,
What a muckle Deel hea we to do with his *Noster* or his *Creed*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

He thinks to lead us aw affray with *Non-resisting Caunt*, Sir,
But while we *Live*, we will obee the *League* and *Covenant*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

And as for yere ean Peart me *Lord*, mark weel what will follow after,
Guid troath gin yee gett us a *Gord*, we ken whal get the *Halter*.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

For we may *Curse* I trow yere *Sell*, and aw yere wily *Deeds*, Sir,
Can yee deny but yee hea *Fell* this auid *Hoose* on our *Heads*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

Ye ken right weel when ye cam here, ye solemnly *Protests*, Sir,
Gin we wou'd furnish ye with *Gear*, yeud tak awa the *Test*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

And gatt na yee *Ten Thousan Puns* to gang and seek for *Voatts*, Sir,
And now our *Kirks* a pulling doune, *Odds Wouns* yeve cut our *Throats*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

For now as lang as e're we *Live*, they'll count us aw fause *Scot's*, Sir,
Tho' yere the Deel that did contrive, and countenance the *Plot*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

And whan ye gang frea hence awa, yeve left us aw forlorn, Sir,
Our *Bearns Curse* light on the Day yeer *Fadder's Son* was *Born*, Sir.

Hoadly *Lilte*, &c.

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